



The hours of night unheeded fly,
And in the grate the embers fade;
Vast shadows one by one pass by
In silent daemon cavalcade.
But still the magic volume holds
The raptur'd eye in realms apart,
And fulgent sorcery enfolds
The willing mind and eager heart.
The lonely room no more is there -
For to the sight in pomp appear
Temples and cities pois'd in air
And blazing glories - sphere on sphere.

[image]

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